## The Mad Conductor "Feed The Beast"

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Sex sells but you can get arrested if you buy it
So I myself have yet to be a client
Plus I'm dead broke and it feels wrong
Like when I'm watching check and double check and it
makes me sick to my stomach
In 1936 I was posing as a derelict in a socialite society
as an experiment
Anita was my sponsor, I was her protege
Percilla was a killa as she wanted me on the blade
I like to make believe I'm a product of simplicity
Born up on the Ozark range in Missouri
One with the sticks and the banjo picks
Far from the guns and the Rambo flicks
A man told me that blood was thicker than the waves

barricade Lucky man in his landlocked state

And he hobbled my legs and now I can't walk straight Lycanthropic MCs from the green capes of Senegal Bouncing off the kennel walls like a tennis ball I busted out now I'm on the road to Zanzibar Me without a microphone it's like a ride through censored tar

But he ran from the water when he saw it break the

Remember back in the black days of Dracula Mass packs of rats settin traps for me in Latvia Like Frankenstein in electroshock therapy A fractured spine and a loss of any memory I've long since fled the great state of Texas Running from an hour's worth of minutemen with deathsticks

Out of mind in their miserable lives And throwin knives just for crossing their invisible lines These are pitiful times here man, and I can't handle

more

My veins with royal blood are goin back to Bangalore I'm out of place on this planet full of humans
On a crater covered satellite, rays are consuming
I really know how many fish are in the pond
And I can't count the stars on which I've wished upon
There is no space between us
I'm the floor, I'm the centipede, I'm everything and
nothing at once.

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